Shafter Surprised to Hear the News and at First Angry-Afterward He Congratulated Wheeler, but Held Rim in Check-Hot Words Between Chaffee and Young Over the Fight-Was There a Design to Leave Wheeler Out of the Big Battle ?- He Rose from a Sick Bed and Assumed Command of the Left Wing-The Pressure on Shafter to Betire from San Juan - Wheeler's Answer to an Unexpected Proposition.

Not all the truth has been told about the Santingo campaign, although it ended nearly. six months ago. Recently an officer of Gen. General make a statement concerning certain points in dispute and throwing light on matters as to which there has been a studied reticence?" The reply was: "The General has determined

to preserve absolute silence." In a speech which Gen. Shafter made at a banquet of the Sons of the Revolution in this city on Nov. 25, he intimated that strategy played no great part in the taking of Santiago, and he admitted that more than one blunder had been made. "By the 30th of June," said he, "we had approached to within a mile of the Spanish outer line. There I thought I made my biggest mistake of the campaign. It caused me more anxiety than anything else; but, strange to say, no one seems to have noticed it. This mistake was in fighting two battles in one day. I should have fought at El Caney the first day, so that I could have had the entire army for the main attack on

Since that talk to the Sons of the Revolution Gen. Shafter has disdained to reply to his crit-

As a witness before the War Investigating Commission on Dec. 21, Gen. Miles struck a scent, to use a term of the hunting field. He stated that after landing at Santingo on July 11 he heard that a scheme had been concerted to precipitate a fight and leave Gen. Lawton out of it. The fight Gen. Miles had in mind when he talked in this mysterious way was Guasimus. 'As I understand," he told the commission "that was in direct violation of orders." Here is the story of Guasimas, of some things that preceded it and of others that followed it.

From his headquarters on board the Segu ranca Gen. Shafter, on June 20, directed that the order of disembarkation should be as fol-

First, the Second Division (Lawton's); se ond, Brig.-Gen. Bates's Brigade; third, Major-Gen. Wheeler's Cavalry Division. This last command, while officially envalry, was really infantry, for the men were dismounted. The military expediency of disembarking infantry before horsemen in a host; le country did not apply in their case. It was supposed in the army that the division first to land, possibly the first brigade, would engage the enemy, so that a preference in disembarking would be regarded as an honor. It fell, not to the second in command, Major-Gen. Wheeler, but to Brig.-Gen. Lawton. The latter and Gen. Shafter were firm and fast friends. Lawton's chief claim to the commanding General's consideration was that he had nursed Shafter through an attack of yellow fever in New Orleans many years before William R. Shafter is a good friend and a good hater. Naturally he wanted Lawton to distinguish himself. Military etiquette was not to be permitted to stand in the way. At the same time, as the commander of an expedition is responsible for failure, it was eminently proper for Gen. Shafter to order the Second Division (Lawton's) to disembark first, if he thought that any advantage might be gained by it. Whatever his motive, to Gen. Lawton precedence was given. It may have been a coincidence that Gen. Shafter's old regiment, the First Infantry, was in Lawton's division.

The work of disembarkation did not proceed satisfactorily to Lawton. With a perversity characteristic of them, transport kept too far out, although the boats of the navy were ready to take off their troops. Gen. Wheeler chafed at the delay to which he was subjected. Always energetic and resourceful, he wanted to get on shore, study the topography and reconnoitre. A string of boats coming along toward the Alleghany, the naval offieer in charge stood up and asked: "Are you to be the next to disembark?" "We are all ready," responded Gen. Wheeler promptly. And the result was that about 800 of the cavalry division set foot on Cuban soil before some of Lawton's infantry. There was no opposition to the landing of our troops, and, therefore, no glory was gained by any one at the outset. Once on shore, Gen. Wheeler lost no time in riding out several miles on the trail running to Siboney to make a personal reconnoissance. The next morning Gen. Shafter directed him to throw out pickets as far as Siboney. This was on June 23. Dur

ing that day more of the cavalry division disembarked. Gen. Wheeler pushed on at once to Siboney to examine the ground. He rode almost unattended. In his report of the battle of Guasimas Brig.-Gen. S. B. M. Young says: "After disembarking at Balquiri on the afternoon of the 23d inst., I received verbal instructions from Major-Gen. Wheeler, the division commander, to move out, with three days' rations in haversacks, to a good camping place between Juraguacite and Siboney, on the road to Santiago de Cuba." Young started from Baiquiri about 4:30 P. M. with Wood's First Volunteer Cavalry, a squadron of the First (regular) Cavalry, a squadron of the Tenth Cavalry, and four Hotchkiss guns, passing through Lawton's division of infantry, which was encamped at the lower end of the valley; in other words, taking the lead and becoming the van of the army. No doubt there was surprise to see Young pushing on. But the General, big framed and heavy as he is, has a reputation in the army for doing things and sparing neither man nor beast. Like Wheeler, he is a man of initiative and quick in an emergency.

Young himself reached Siboney at 7 o'clock.

his command being strung out for miles behind. The First Volunteer Cavalry (rough riders) arrived soon afterward, and the squadrons of the First and Tenth late at night, having been delayed on the trail. Gen. Wheeler had learned during the day that the Spaniards after evacuating Siboney, had withdrawn in the direction of Guasimas, a Cuban force of 200, under Demetrius Castillo, hanging on their rear, but not at such a distance as to escape some volleys, which wounded nine of the Cubans. On hearing this Gen. Wheeler, acquainted by Castillo with the probable position of the Spaniards, who had gone into camp, rode out to see the lay of the land for himself. When he returned to Siboney, Young had arrived. Gen. Wheeler, exercising his judgment and drawing on his experience as a commander in the civil war, decided that a reconnoissance in force ought to be made toward Guasimas, and he directed Young to march out at daybreak. Young sent for Col. Wood and gave him the necessary instructions as to the route and the handling of his men in the event of a skirmish. The Colonel of the rough riders was informed of the exact position of the Spaniards, as described by Castillo, and was warned that there might be fighting. Early next morning, on June 24, Wood took the trail over the hill at Siboney, and Young with his squadrons of regulars marched up the valley road. Owing to the more open country through which they were passing, the regulars first caught sight of the ensmy. They were drawn up on a ridge, and without trying to avoid observation or firing a shot they watched Young's men deploying. At this juncture Gen. Wheeler rode up. He aurveyed the silent Spaniards through his staff he said: "Those fellows look as much like Cubans as Spaniards, but if they are Spaniards it is surprising they do not open." Minutes passed and not a shot was fired, nor did the men on the ridge make a movement of any kind. There they stood a line of straw hats. If the Spaniards had fallen back there would have been no engagement, for Wheeler was not bent on pressing and fighting them. To have pushed on into the low country beyond Guasimas would have been to court disaster. But the Spaniards did not retire, and the Americans were not the kind of fighting men to stand looking at them all day. Gen. Wheeler was in a brown study. The valiant Castillo and his Cubans had not come up, secording to agreement, and Young had only a rough draft of the country. By this time the rough riders must be almost abreast of the regulars on the other side of the little valley. A scout was sent he returned to Siboney, Young had arrived. Gen. Wheeler, exercising his judgment and

GUASIMAS AND SANTIAGO. to apprise them of the presence of the enemy "Give them a shot from the Hotehkiss, and let us see what they are made of," said Whoeler

"Give them a shot from the Hotehkies, and let us see what they are made of," said whoeler abruptly.

The report of the mountain piece had but started the echoes in the hills when the whole line on the ridge volleyed from end to end, and the first battle of the campaign was on.

Gunsimas hasoften been described, and this is not written to add omitted details. The firing was heard in Lawton's camp, and the first man to get up, his horse in a lather, was Brig.-Gen. Adm. R. Chaffee. This hard-fighting envalryman was not in a good humor. In fact, he was visibly laboring under excitement. There had been a brush, and neither he nor Lawton had had a hand in it. In Chaffee's opinion somebody had stolen a march on them and snatched the laurels that should have gone to Lawton's division. Chaffee is not a man who pieks his words when he is angry, and, having got the idea into his head that Young had marched through the division with the deliberate intention of seeking an engagement and not to go into camp, he turned on him and gave him a terrible tongue lashing. Young considered Chaffee's manner offensive and his words insulting. He, too, lost his temper. "Gen. Chaffee, he shouled, you shall not use such language to me. I will not stand it from any man living."

Gen. Wheeler was shocked and pained by this scene between two men for each of whom he had a high regard, and he tried to soothe them by interjecting a remark now and then in his quiet way. Young had a sense of grievance after the row was over, for he had acted under orders and thought that Chaffee's assault on him was wholly without justification. Even when he had cooled off he said with resentment:

"It bink that I ought to call Chaffee to ae-

ment: I think that I ought to call Chaffee to ac-

orders and thought that Chaffee's assault on him was wholly without justification. Even when he had cooled off he said with resentment:

"It think that I ought to call Chaffee to account for his words to me."

Before the war with Spain Young was Colonel of the Third Cavalry and Chaffee was Lieutenant-Colonel of the same regiment.

Like Chaffee and Lawton, Gen. Shafter was amazed to learn of the engagement of Gussimas. When the information reached him he was madder than thirdee, and his language was violent. In his report to the Adjutant-General of the army Gen. Shafter said: "The orders for June 24 contemplated Gen. Lawton's division taking a strong defensive position a short distance from Stoney, on the road to Santiago: Kent's division was to be held near Siboney, where he disembarked: Bates's brigade was to take position in support of Lawton, while Wheeler's division was to be somewhat to the rear on the road from Siboney to Bajurin." Weeler's brush with the enemy upset, however, this plan, which would have relegated him to the rear. Nothing has transplied to show that Wheeler was aware of what the orders that Wheeler was aware of what the orders that Wheeler was aware of what the orders that the worder was the following the straining half anud presence of the enemy unless that the direction the Shaniards had taken. In a report which Gen. Wheeler made to Addit-Gen. McClermani of the headquarters staff on the morning of June 24, he wrote: "Yesteriay attended to the which Gen. Wheeler made to Addit-Gen. McClermani of the headquarters staff on the morning of June 24, he wrote: "Yesteriay attended to the wind the side of Seculia. The insurgents think the enemy has artillery. I go out this morning with wood's regiment and will press on to Sevilla." He next despatch to the Segurange announced that he had met the Spaniards and that they were his. As ranking officer above he made a dealer who had a right to take exception to his movements. On reflection, his superior did nothing of the kind. "The commanding General,

ment until further orders:" "Get your men well in band, but make no forward movement:"
"Do not advance, but have the country to the right and left of the road carefully recomposited: "Under no circumstances, unless you are attacked, must a fight be precipitated."
Gen. Wheeler improved roads, selected new camps, reconnoitred close up to Caney, sent spies into Santiago, and examined persons who had come out. The information thus gained he transmitted to Gen. Shafter in daily reports. A long one made on June 28 contains an accurate description of the defences of the city and the movements of the Spaniards in the neighborhood of San Juan, together with estimates of their strength.

In his published narrative of the Santiago campaign Gen. Wheeler says (p. 41): "I reconnoitred close up to El Caney and learned that there were not more than 500 Spaniards at that place. I described the defences to Gen. Shafter, and urged that I be permitted to attack the place with a large force of artillery, my argument being that the fire from a number of guns upon the forces at El Caney world soon make their position untenable; and that a division of infantry or dismounted cavalry being placed between El Caney and Santiago would catch the Spaniards as they attempted to retreat. Gen. Shafter admitted the fensibility of this plan, but after two interviews and

o retreat. Gen. Shutter admitted the feasi-bility of this plan, but after two interviews and some correspondence informed me that he had letermined to intrust this work to Gen. Law-

In his remarks to the Sons of the Revolution

some correspondence informed me that he had address mined to intrust this work to then. Law some correspondence informed me that he had determined to intrust this work to the Manufacture of the Manufactu

army on the morning of July 1, although Gen.

Shafter, in his report of operations, says that
Gen. Wheeler "enurned from the size list to
the district the state of the state

the battle better than from anywhere else, as I have it in full view."

This desputch raises the query: Did Gen. Shafter consider or assume that Wheeler had been on the sick list all the morning? On the morning of the 3d, Gen. Shafter, in a despatch which he cabled to the Secretary of War, said: "Gen. Wheeler is seriously ill, and will probably have to go to the rear to-day." Commenting on this statement, Gen. Wheeler remarks in his book: "I was not off duty for a single moment during the campaign; and I do not think my siekness materially impaired my usehink my sickness materially impaired my use

moment during the campaign; and a do not think my sickness materially impaired my usefulness.

On the night of the 1st the Americans, spent by heat, hunger and fighting, were clinging by their nails to the ridge, which was being intrenched as fast as tools could be got up. It was a thin, blue line, and to say that with the shades of night a gloom did not settle down on the army—the men hardly able from weakness to use their intrenching tools and the officers overwhelmed with a sense of their responsibilities—would be to shut one's eyes to the fasts. An engineer officer of rank was very dubious about holding the ridge (Lawton had fulled to get up), and there were Colonels, and at least one Brigadier-General, who had the same misgivings. Pressure was brought to bear on ten Shafter to withdraw the army from San Juan. Of those who protested Wheeler was most strenuous. Hurriedly he despatched an orderly to headquarters with a message, insisting that to retire would be a colossal blunder involving loss of prestige for the American arms. Privately he said that retreat would be heraided to the world as a Snanish victory. Of course, the officers who wanted to fall back were as sincere in their belief that to remain on the ridge would be disastrous as Gen. Wheeler was that to do so would assure ultimate triumph.

The following morning there was this desasteh from Gen. Shafter: "Wy doar Gen.

to do so would assure ullimate frumph.

The following morning there was this despatch from Gen. Shafter: "My dear Gen.
Wheeler: What do you think of the idea of
sending a division in rear of the left division to
clear out the forts along the outrance to the sending a division in rear of the left division to clear out the forts along the entrance to the bay so as to let the navy in and have the business over?" Lawton's division had come up, or was soming up and forming on the right. To detach one division would have been to go back to the thin blue line. The following day, when three divisions (all the army) were lying along the ridge, Gen. Shafter telegraphed to the Secretary of War: "We have the town well invested on the north and east but with."

the Secretary of War. "We have the town well invested on the north and east, but with a very thin line. Upon approaching it we find it of such a character and the defences so strong it will be impossible to carry it by storm with my present force, and I am seriously considering withdrawing about five miles and taking up a new position on the high ground between the San Juan River and Silboney."

This digression is only by way of illustration. Wheeler's answert othe commanding General's inquiry was: "Dear General: I regret to say that I do not think infantry can take the fortacion given the effort would be attended with terribia loss."

The pressure on Gen. Shafter to fall back must have been tremendous, since he almost succumbed to it. The Secretary of War took Wheeler's view and was alarmed. "If you could hold your present position, especially San Juan heights," he urged, "the effect upon the country would be much better than falling back." Gen. Shafter's despatch was received in Washington at 11:44 A. M. July 3, and Secretary Alger's was sent twenty-six minutes later, or at 12:10 F. M. The previous night the council of war at the hill of El Pozo had been held, at which Gen. Shafter's lieutennias gave their views on the question of retiring. Wheeler was present and he had talked vigorously. The day after receiving Secretary Alger's advice Gen. Shafter notified him that the army would stay on the ridge.

There are not many officers and men on the active list of the army who hold medals of honor. It is a small and select company. Gen. Shafter can show one of these tributes to personal bravery. It was given him "for most distinguished gallantry in action at Malvern Hill. Va. Aug. G. 1982, while serving as First Lieutenant, Company I. Seventh Michigan Infantry, in command of ploneers: voluntarily taking an active loan, gallantry in action at Malvern Hill. Va. Aug. G. 1982, while serving as First Lieutenant, Company I. Seventh Michigan Infantry, in command of ploneers: voluntarily taking an active to art in the the

DEEP SEA TRUCK FARMING.

Many Vegetables Baised by Fishermen and All of Them Nuisances.

"We handle more garden truck in our business than folks on shore would imagine," said the skipper of a halibut smack as he watched a barrow load of stores from a South street chandler's rolled across the gangulank, "and I our fare was confined to canned stuff we should be mighty grateful Luckily, we don't have to eat the fresh product or we wouldn't ever go nome to Harwichport any more.

"Our little garden plot lies under from four to sixty fathoms of salt water, secure from summer drought and untimely frosts. The chickens never scratch up the new-planted seeds and the pigs can't root up anything. We'd pay 'em both good wages if they'd destroy the whole plaguey plantation, though, Strawberries are the worst of all, and being lightly rooted will pull off on the hook every ime you rub over the patch. They grow thick on the best halibut ground, too, and are as beautiful as the land sort. Red and white and uscious-looking, they'll raise an armful of purple, swollen blotches in two minutes after you ueh 'em. Itch and sting like hornets'wounds and last for days. Some of our men get touched so bad they have to lay off for a week. Can't say what their book names are, but they beong to the half-animal, half-vegetable crowd

that the sea anemones train with. "Egg plants are pretty bad, but they can be dodged generally or whacked off against the gunwale. They are egg-shaped purple affairs with fine bristiv spines all over, and it's these tiny prickers that stick in and break off to make bad festers. Purple-heart sea urchins a young chap from Boston called 'em, but I don't travel much on what he said. Hearts were his specialty, I reckon, according to the way he salled around the Harwichport girls. "Cucumbers are no pleasanter to handle, way he sailed around the Harwichport girls.
"Cucumbers are no pleasanter to handle, but, being larger, can be more readily avoided. They are long cylindrical fellows, motifed and with bunt spines. A number of tough, rubbery feelers hang out from the larger end and the sides are richly fringed on the lower part. Sometimes a number hang to a hook and come up as heavy as a lazy hallbut. In a thoughtless moment the fisherman will yank the whole mess in where it falls on his bare hands, and then he is in for a fortnight of smarting sores.

hands, and then he is in for a fortnight of smarting sores.

"Pumpkins are like 'em, only larger and less venomous. They are bright yellow, streaked with darker bands, mat like the winter squashes on shore. Often we catch one so heavy that it breaks off the barb of the hook.

"Turnips are purple and white and look very much like what the Boston fellow called purple-heart sea urching except that they are pointed like the root of a turnip. They have the same chestnut-burg covering which make the others so uncomfortable to take off. It takes a good clip with a knife or bailing dipper to knock one loose.

the others so uncomfortable to take off. It takes a good elip with a knife or bailing dipper to knock one loose.

"Sen nettles belong to the jelly ish family, but they are not the sort of jelly that nourishes an invalid. In one way they might invigorate a fellow, for if he had a single ounce of feeling lett he'd cuss the whole dictionary through. Like the land nettle, this one, isstead of raising lumns or single sores, just covers a whole hand with a redness like a fever rash, and there will be a million stingarees in every square inch of skin. As these are floating pests one may get stung swimming or washing out fish or reaching over to lift in a heavy eatch—in dozens of way. Why, I calculate I've enlarged my vocabulary by some three-score cuss words just invented to fit the stings of sea nettles. The college men say they're phosphorescent at night, and they certainly are, but when they fasten on a real live Cape Codder in broad davlight there's real sulphur and brimstone breaks loose on the air.

"Burdocks are nasty both in looks and to touch. In fact, they're a nuisance on shore and sea, though the name is the only point of resemblance. They are more like a crooked root than anything else. The sting is only trifling, but they are had line snariers, for they turn, an. tumble like circus men as soon as they make fast to a hook.

"Lemons are light yellow and oval. They

trifling, but they are had line saariers, for they turn, an., tumble like circus men as soon as they make fast to a hook.

"I-smons are light yellow and oval. They make a bad blister when they strike, though, thanks be to Providence, that is not often.
"Lettuce is not the least of our annoyances. Everybody knows the big brown and green streamers that drift ashore after heavy storms. Well, those that wash in are broken in two or three lengths and were originally from ten to twenty-five feet long. The green is tender and will tear loose, but when a fellow gets fast on a brown leaf he's gone many times, for the stuff is hard-rooted. It is as flexible and as strong as well-cured leather. Both sorts wrap round and round the hooks, hiding the bait so that no ced or halibut can possibly nose it out.

"Asparagus we have, loo, a rare and rather pretty vegetable. It is such a curiosity that I took the last one I got over to bennis, where there's a man that has a regular museum in his house. He called it by name the minute he set eyes on it, and the name alone would awamp a dory, so I've never told the men. Asparagusis bad enough. It's written down in my hat band here. (-i-d-a-r-i-s C-i-d-a-r-i-s C

fed, either.
"Queer business, hey? There's my brotherin-law working a garden patch over Yarmouth
way and mourns cause he can't raise enough
vegetables; here I am mad because I raise too
many."

EAST SIDE HERREW SCHOOLS.

quirements of the Jewish Religion.

All over the east side in dingy tenement little ones of the race are taught enough of their forefathers' language to fulfil the requirements of their religion. They are the cheapest and most unremunerative private schools in this country, perhaps in the whols world, and, on the whole, they teach about as little as any institution of instruction now extant. The melammed, or teacher, is usually an than the average Hebrew immigrant to this country, sets up to support himself by organfring a class. Little as his pupils learn, his teachings are not harmful nor do they take the place of more valuable instruction, because they do not pretend to supply secular education. The melammed's pupils come to him

after public school hours. A school is made up of from ten to thirty pupils of from 5 to 8 or 9 years of age. Each pays 75 cents a month, or perhaps, if the teacher be a man of some special repute for learning, \$1. This is a strain on the purse, for only the very poor Hebrews send their children to these schools; the well-to-do have private tutors. As the average class is not more than twelve. and the melammed must pay rent for his tenement room, his profits are not large and in many cases he must eke out his livelihood in some other way-writing marriage verses perhaps, or high-sounding Hebrew epitaphs. Once haps, or high-sounding Hebrew spitaphs. Once collected in the tonement room which serves for a school, the class gets quickly attwork, for it lasts but an hour a day ordinarily. First of all the teacher drills his class in the Hebrew alphabet, writing it out on his little blackboard if he chances to own such a luxury—if not, upon the wall of the room—and drilling it with unwarying perseverance into the heads of the little ones. German or Polish is the medium of communication. There is no individual instruction. The class recites in chorus, mechanically and tonelessly.

wearying perseverance into the heads of the little ones. German or Polish is the medium of communication. There is no individual instruction. The class recites in chorus, mechanically and tonelessly.

After the alphabet exercise comes the reading of certain prayers from the Pentateuch. This is designed to fit the child for the responsive readings required in the Jewish religion. As a matter of fact, in nine cases out of ten the pupils never learn to read Hebrew. By hundreds of repetitions, droning along after the melammed, they learn it by heart. In a year the child has completed his course. He knows his alphabet and can repeat the necessary portions of the Pentateuch, but the chances are that he does not know anything more of the Hebraic language than he did before he went there. About all that he has learned to do is to spell out the shop signs on the east side which are in Hebrew characters representing German words. Among the most ignorant class of Hebrew these little schools are sometimes called Talmud schools, and the melanimeds, rabbis. As a real rabbi at the conclusion of a severe course in Jewish divinity would hesitate to declare himself fairly launched in the Talmud, that most crudite and complex of ancient writings, it is obvious that the melanimeds, who have no right to the title of rabbi, are not likely to be themselves students of the Talmud, and certainly do not teach it to children of tender years. It must not be supposed, however, that the melanimeds are faithless teachers, pretending to a learning which they do not possess. They do what is required of them, and generally do it faithfully. Often they are men of bigh and self-sacrificing character who manage to subsists on the pittance which somes to them from their efforts, content in the bellef that in their humble way they are adding in the continuation of their religion. Sometimes, too, they are men of courage and uncomplaining philosophy. A few days ago a melamined's little flock not to be afraid; that he would save them, and transaction i

JUST LIKE FINDING MONEY.

BOTTLED-UP CINCII THAT CAME OFF AT CHICAGO. The Tip to Play Marie V., Shouted at the Track by a Drunken : Stable Hand, but

the Crowd Only Laugh ed-One Phase of the Luck That Rules B stting on Horses. WASHINGTON, Jan. 7 .- "The first bet that I ever put down on a horse race," said a horse owner and trainer who is wintering a string of thoroughbreds at Warrenton, Va., "was on a horse that stood at 100 to 1 in the betting. It was also the first race I ever saw run by thor-

oughbreds. I was clerking in a Long Island City grocery store for \$8 a week at the time, and I didn't known racehorse from a ton of coal. I got a couple of my fingers crushed between two salt fish boxes one morning, and I had to lay off from work. I didn't want to hang around my room, and didn't know what to do with myself, and so when a no-account young fellow I knew suggested that I go over with him to Monmouth Park and have a look at the races, I fell in with the propoweek's pay, about \$3, I had \$20 saved up out of my wages, and I kept this in one \$20 note in my inside vest pocket. After paying for roundtrip tickets for my friend and myself, and for two tickets of admission to the race grounds, I was practically broke with the exception of a few cents, for I didn't count the \$20 as available assets. I intended to hang on to that unbroken. Well, I found that all my sporty friend wanted of me was to have me pay his way on the train and into the grounds, for he promptly lost me as soon as we got by the gate. I felt pretty sore at this treatment, not that I wanted his help, for I hadn't the least idea of doing any betting with my savings, but I didn't

cotton to the notion of being played for a good thing and then thrown that way. "I walked around among the crowd with my hands in my pockets, wondering a good deal over the dope talk of the ducks that knew all about the horses and their preferred weights, distances, riders, and so on : It was all Greek to me then. Finally I was shouldered and jostled into the betting ring. It wasn't long before I began to rubberneck at the prices laid against the horses on the bookies' blackboards. Although I didn't know anything about the nags then, I found out afterward, when I had made a study of the game and got a little next to it, that this race I made my first bet on was composed of a cheap mess of fourteen selling platers. They were at all kinds of prices, from 4 to 5 on to 100 to 1 against. The latter price was laid about three of 'em. I

didn't exactly understand what the 100 to 1 meant, and so I asked a fellow standing near by to explain it. He looked me over out of the slants of his lamps, thinking, probably, that I was stringing him. When he saw that I was a green one he told me that the 100 to 1 meant that if a 100 to 1 shot won that I had put a dollar on I'd be \$100 ahead of the game. This looked pretty good to me. I didn't know anything about horse form or horse quality then, and I thought that one of 'em had just as much chance as another to win. So I picked out the 100 to 1 shot whose name I liked best and elbowed my way up to a booky's stand to put a dollar down on it, holding my \$20 bill tightly gripped in my hand. I passed the twenty up to the bookmaker-he went broke, and has been a dead 'un for a good

many years now-and said: "Give me a dollar's worth of that fourth horse from the top-that one with the 100 to 1 chalked before his name."

"The booky looked down at me contemptuusly, without accepting the twenty I proffered him, and said:

" I don't want no dollar bets." "Well, this made me feel pretty cheap, especially as all of the ducks back of me, waiting to pass up their fiftles and hundreds, gave me the laugh. I didn't like to be shown up in that public way. I was just as sore at that time about being made to look like thirty cents as I am to-day. So I did a bit of lightning thinking. 'Twenty's a big bunch to me,' I thought, 'and I've had to hop out of bed at half past 3 in the morning to go to meat market a good many times to get it together; but I'll be hanged if I'm going to let this fellow get away with his idea of making me look small, even if I haven't got a show on earth. o I passed the bill up to him again, saying:

"All right, there, billionaire. Just gimme \$20 worthof that fourth horse from the top. with 100 to 1 chalked before his name."

'I was chagrined to find that this strong play didn't help me a little bit. The booky only grinned as he chanted, 'Two thousand dollars \$20 on the fourth one from the top,' and the chap that wrote me the ticket grinned back at him, and the crowd behind me again gave me the hourse hoot, loud and long continued. when I snatched the ticket and hurried away rom that booky's stall, with the chuckles of the hot-looking members ringing in my ears. Well, my horse walked in.
"When I went to cash my ticket for \$2,020

the booky sized me up, with all kinds of wrath in his eyes.

'A good make-up you've got for a Rube,' he said to me. 'You're good. That's the most scientific commissioner act I've seen pulled off up to date, and I've been at this game ever

scientific commissioner act I've seen pulled off up to date, and I've been at this game ever since Hickory Jim was a two-year-old."

"I didn't know what he was talking about, the word commissioner was particularly mysterious to me, but I wasn't going to let him put it on me again, and I like to have drove him crazy with the slow grin I gave him. He chucked the bundle of \$2,020 at me, and I just walked backward with it in my hands and grinning at him: He was the maddest-looking man I ever saw, before or since, I didn't go back to my grocery job, nor did I hop in and slough off my \$2,000 on a game I didn't know anything about. I didn't play another horse that year, but went in and made a study of the game, going to the tracks every day to see 'em run and to think the whole institution over. It has taken me all of the years that have passed since to find out that the study of horse racing don't amount to a row of spuds, that study doesn't beat the game. I simply had a series of lucky plays after I figured it that I knew all thore was to be learned about horse racing, and those plays put me on the velve! I've had to a greater or less extent ever since. I don't often play them now—I've got a fairly nifty string, and I run 'em and iet the other fellows do the guessing.

"What set me to thinking about this first play of mine was a letter I received the other day from an owner, who's racing his string down at New Orleans, about the win of that plug Covington, ky, the other day. The price laid against Covington, ky, was at first 150 to 1, and the railbirds in the know battered it down to 60 to 1 at post time, throwing all kinds of misery into the layers when the plater romped in, after being practically left at the post. My friend says in his letter that George Wheelock declined to take a dollar bet from one of the wise railbirds on Covington, ky, at 150 to 1, and the railbirds on Covington, ky, to win. Wheelock the money and it east him \$450. Wheelock took the money and it east him \$450. Wheelock in the ribs over the t

Wheelock, my friend writes me, has been poked in the ribs over the thing by his fellow-layers ever since.

"I don't often pay any attention to good things," continued the turfman, "and it's rarer still that I am compelled to regret my indifference to the bottled-up cinches, but, in common with about 3,000 other people. I overlooked a proposition at Lakeside last fall that caused me several minutes' hard thinking. I didn't lose any money over it, but it's hard to think of the inside chance I neglected on that occasion to make an old-fashioned hog killing. I had four or five of my three-year-olds out at Lakeside and was pulling a purse down with 'em once in a while, and depending on the purses to keep me even with the game and strong for hay money. I wasn't doing any betting. I took my confirmed indifference to good things along with me to Chicago, and I think now, looking back at the season, that I made a bit of a mistake in doing so, for if there's any place in the country outside of the outlaw tracks where good things do have a habit of going through right often, then that place is Chicago, I didn't profit by any of 'em that were made to stok last fail, however, although I saw many a surething soaked down from 20 to I to 4 to 1 at post time, and then come in romping with all the money. A lot of men I knew out at Lakeside—lethows with small strings, none of which ever won or got in the money—were on all kinds of velvet by giving ear to the inside good things, but they didn't make me jealous a little bit. I'm it in the game for keeps, and that's more than can be said for the good-thing players.

"Anylow, for all thet, I'm still regretting that I overlooked this chance I'm speaking of. I was in a Dearborn street hang-out for rasing men one night, along toward the wind-up of the I was in a Dearborn street hang-out for racing men one night, along toward the wind-up of the racing season, when a boy came inside and told me a man out at the front door wanted to see me. I went out and found a drunken stable hand waiting for me. He was employed as a general stable roustabout by the owner of a

California string, and I had befriended the man in the paddock a few days before when he was engaged in a rum fight with another stable hand. He was getting the worst of the scrap when I stepped in and pulled his antagonist off of him. It didn't amount to anything, this, but the tank stable hand that was waiting for me outside of the Dearborn street place in the rain seemed to feel grateful to me for it.

"Hello, Bill, said I to him, what's up?"

"Got fired this afternoon, he replied.

"Broke? I asked him.

"I didn't hunt you up to touch you, boss,' he said. I got a good thing I want to give to you. You've been square to me. The good thing's to come off to-morrow, and nobede's on. I'm peaching on it because I've been dropped from the track just for getting a skate on, and because I want to put you next; that's on the level, with me.

"You can pass me up,' I told the man. 'I don't play the sure ones, you know,'

cause I want to put you next; that's on the lovel with me.

"You can pass me up. I told the man. 'I don't play the sure ones, you know.'

"But this is ripe, and it's going to happen, persisted the man. It's haby. It's a looloo, it's a cachuca. It's that filly Mazie V. in the two-year-old race to-morrow. You know who's stable she belongs in. I heard the chaw about it this afternoon before I got fired, and they didn't get on to it that I was listening. Mazie V.'s going to walk in to-morrow. No dope, but she's it. She worked three-quariers in .15 flat early yesterday morning when nobody was looking, and she's on edge. They're going to burn up the books with it. I know that nobody can tout you, and I'm not trying to tout you. But here's a chance, and I came down to let you know." Well, of course I had to thank the man, but

let you know.

"Well, of course I had to thank the man, but I couldn't help but grin at him at that.

"How long have you been rubbing 'em down?' I asked him.

I've been around the horses since I was ten years old, he replied.

"And still so easy?' I couldn't help but say, 'Well, I won't say anything of what you've told me so as to queer the price, if there's any play on Mazie V., but, of course, as for myself, I pass it up; thanks all the same to you. Need any money?"

any money?"

No, he didn't want any money, he said. He any money?

"No, he didn't want any money, he said. He had simply hunted me up to put me on to one of the best things of the meeting, and he shambled off.

"When the books opened for that two-year-old race the next day, Mazie V., a clean-limbed filly that had never shown a particle of class, opened up the rank outsider in a big field, which included some very fairish two-year-olds. I looked the books over, not because I was betting, but just out of habit, and I saw that every nag in the race was being played but Mazie V., the 150 to 1 shot.

"If they're going to burn the bookies out on Mazie V., I thought, amusedly, It's a wonder the stable connections don't take some of this good 150 to 1.

"As I was thinking this over, the ex-stableman who had hunted me up with the Mazie V.

Mazie V., I thought, amusedly, it is a winder the stable connections don't take some of this good 150 to 1."

"As I was thinking this over, the ex-stableman who had hunted me up with the Mazie V. good thing the night before plucked me by the sleeve. He was several times as drunk as an ow, and I didn't care to talk with him.

"Are you down? he asked me, lurching. Because 'f you ain't, you're campin' out, an' that's all there is to it."

"Go and take a sleep. I told him, and passed on. But he didn't want any sleep. Instead, he drunkenly mounted a box that he found in the betting rine, and started to make an address to the hustling bettors.

"Hey!' he shouted, if you mugs want to git aboard for the barbecue, play Mazie V.! She's going to be cut loose. She's a I to 10 chance. She's going though. It's a cinch.

"The crowd guyed him.

"It's so good, shouted the poor devil, that I just put the last \$8 I got on earth on her to win—not to show, but to win. Hey! I'm not touting. I'm trying to give you all a winout chance. You needn't think because I ain't togged out that I'm a dead one on this. Even if I have got a load along, why—

"Just then somebody probably an interested party, kieked the box from under the man and he went sprawling. That closed him up. The crowd roared, but not a man in the gang, of course, put down a dollar on Mazie V. If any of the pikers had even a cream of doing such a thing the stable hand's drunken recommendation of the filly switched hem off. Just before the horses went to the post the \$5 bills of people that weren't pikers, but stable connections, went into the ring in such quantities on Maxie V. that she closed at IOV to I in a few of the books, and at much smaller figures in most of the others.

"Well, the way that little filly Mazie V. put it all over her field was something ridiculous. The race was something easy for her. There was nothing to it but Mazie V. She got away from the post almost dead last, and then picked up her horses at leisure, reveiling in the heavy going, and, loping up

lyn. According to the birth certificate the "Hon." is a part of his name. Florence J. Sullivan stood up for the child.

The fact that the boy was named after Congressman Bradley, who had then just been elected, was not due to any solicitation on the part of the Congressman. It was an honor thrust upon him. The health of the child since the christening party, which was attended by over 400 east side politicians, has been an object of solicitude to those who believed that he was a man of destiny. When he cut his first teeth it was the subject of discussion in the rooms of the Timothy D. Sullivan Association. When the boy was a year old prospective officeholders sent presents by the score to the Edwards household. When invi-tations were sent out for the reception yester-day there was a flutter of excitement along the Bowery. The invitations were printed on folding cards and were perfumed. They read as follows:

THE YOUNG DUDE LIVES.

HON, THOMAS J. BRADLEY EDWARDS IS TWO TRABS OLD TO DAY.

Fou are respectfully invited to attend the birth-day party of the Young Dude at my konse, his Division street.

P. S.—Reception from 4 P. M. to 5 A. M. All the leading nerformers, politicians, acrobats, saioon keepers and Chinatown society will ap-pear. Respectfully yours,

BILLY THE DUDE.

isideon Argeres and Chisatlown society will appear. Respectfully yours.

The reception was held in the rooms over a Raines law hote! As Capt. Chapman was one of the guests Billy the Dune took out a special all-night license, for which he paid \$10. When the beer was tapped shortly after 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, Long Rench Reagan stood at the head of the stairs and greeted the first crowd of guests.

"Now youse gents can all take off youse oosts," he said, "but der house won't be responsible. We will lock dem in der loe chest and two gurs will watch dem, but if dey is gone den dat's your cremation ceremony."

The guests all remarked that the room felt chilly. A stand had been erected over a plano in the corner and four negro musicians sat on it. When the music began Billy the Dude trotted out the chubby-faced little boy. The boy was dressed in trousers and was barely able to walk. The ladies present kissed him and the geatlemen shook his hand and wished him luck.

"Now, women and fellers," announced Billy the Dude. "I wante to introduce to you Prof. Scott. He used to be an actor and can imitate John McCallough and Ton Grady. He sailt the mite on the hog nov, but don't mind that. He ain't de only one. He is agoing to deliver a speech to show youse how the young dude will talk twenty years from now."

Prof. Scott cleared his throat, and in a volce that shook the ceiling said:

"When I cast my eyes on this distinguished audience present, my aspirations, desires and hopes pleture to me in this young, beautiful scien of the recople precardined, predestiped and future glory. I see in him a second William J. Bryan, whose silvertimed clouds of ideas and predictions of future Utopia for us all came so near landing him in'a glorious victory. I trust that the boy will be a dual of good, but not of evil!

At this juncture the Sullivan, Dennis Sullivan, Jimmy Sullivan, Larry Sullivan, Pennis Sullivan, Jimmy Sullivan, and predictions of here.

Prof. Scott then delivered his famous imitation of Thomas J. Grady in a suppos

SPAIN'S SHIPS HELD UP.

COLUMBUSS ASHES PUT INTO QUAR-ANTINE AT BERMUDA. Formal Complaint to Great Britain to Be

Made Concerning the Treatment Received by Two Spanish Cruisers That Stopped at St. George's for Supplies. Hamilton, Bermuda, Jan. 1.-Two Spanish cond-class cruisers. Conde de Venadito and Infanta Isabel, the former bearing the ashes of Christopher Columbus, have just sailed for Spain after an unpleasant experience at St. orge's. Soon after leaving Havana an accident to the dynamo of the Infanta Isabel and shortage of coal, water and provisions obliged them to put into St. George's, Bermuda. Ther brought with them clean bills of health from he Spanish authorities at Havana. Nevertheless, the health officer at St. George's placed them in quarantine on the ground that they had not a bill of health from the British Consul at Havana. It goes without saying that warships are not accustomed, on leaving a port, to take bills of health from the Consuls of every nation at whose ports they may chance to touch during a cruise. Warships touching at Bermuda are usually anchored in Grassy Bay, nearer Hamilton, but the health officer at St. George's preferred to keep the Spanish ships at Murray's anchorage, close to St.

George's. \_\_\_\_\_\_ For five days the Captains of the Spanish ships waited in the hope of having the quarantine raised. First a telegram was sent to the British Consul at Havana asking whether he was giving clean bills of health. The reply was in the negative. Meanwhile the Spanish Captains had invited the health authorities to inspect their ships and crews, and the Spanish surgeons signed a statement that there was no contagious disease on board. The inspection took place, and the health officer found that some of the men were feeble and ansemic, as they had been down with paludic fever when in Cuba. He regarded these cases as suspicious and refused to raise the quarantine, Meanwhile one of these patients died and was buried on shore. The health officer declared that he considered the ships a serious menaca to the health of the colony. All hope of the quarantine being raised was then abandoned. and the Captains endeavored to have their ships supplied in quarantine a very simple operation, one would imagine, in any civilized port. But when they tried to have this done new obstacles arose.

The Spanish Consul at Hamilton had been communicated with and he at once went to St. George's. So lax was the quarantine that he was allowed, along with his Secretary and an

soing to be cut loose. She's at 10 10 chances. She's going through. It's a check.

The crowd guyed him.

The crowd guyed him.

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The crowd guyed him.

It's a good. Shot St I was the control of her to win-not to show, but to vin. Hey! I'm not touting. I'm trying to give you all a win-out chance. You needn't think because I ain't togged out that I'm a dead one on this. Even I'm to the book of the town and the went sprawling. That closed him up. The crowd roared, but not a man in the game, and he went sprawling. That closed him up. The crowd roared, but not a man in the game, and he went sprawling. That closed him up. The crowd roared, but not a man in the game, and the went sprawling. That closed him up. The crowd roared, but not a man in the game, and the went sprawling. That closed him up. The crowd roared, but not a man in the game, and the price shad even a cream of doing such a thing the stable hand's drunken recommendation of the filly switched hem off. Just before the horses went to the post to him so the consultation of the filly switched hem off. Just before the horses went to the post to him so the consultation of the books, and at much smaller figures in most of the others.

The race was something ridiculous. The race was something easy for her. There was nothing to it but Mazie V. She got away from the post almost dead last, and then post almost dead last, and then heavy going, and, loping up in the last six teenth, walked in with daylight between her and the favorite. It was one of the killings of the chilege racing soason, and the books are the consultation of the swing of the consultation of the swing of the consultation of the wind the post almost dead last, and then consultation of the wind the post almost dead last, and then consultation of the post almost dead last, and then consultation of the wind the post almost dead last, and then post almost dead last, and then post

health officer was making visits to the ships at \$\frac{8}{3}\$ a visit. The imperial authorities, now thoroughly indignant, sent back the Consultant their own expense, accompanied by the Colonial Secretary and the chief of the military medical department, to investigate matters and sid the Spanish ships to get to sea. The American tourist was taken along as interpreter. The Consul and interpreter were sens off in a tug, accompanied by the various dealers who wanted to collect their accounts. Even then it took eleven hours to despatch the ships. The scenes that took place on the tug were remarkable. The Spaniards arrived in the cabin of the tug, hat in hand with Castillian politeness, and were received by the health officer with his hat immed down on his head, sprawling on a sofa, with his feet in the air. When the Spaniards remonstrated at the exteriorate charges, the health officer retiled; "I am the representative of the Queen and of the Colonial Governemnt, and if you don't pay up I shall not allow you to leave."

As they were anxious to leave, a heavy blow having come up and the anchorage not being sufe, they ended by paying under protest and departing. \$Among other items £50 was charged for the use of the tug which was taken because it was too rough for the health officer's rowbont. When the tug, which liew the health officer's fas, was alongside the Infanta Isabel pumping water into her, the paymaster and second officer were summoned on board to settle accounts. As they demurred to going on board, the water dealer called out: "If you don't come on board at once I will cut your water of," and he did ston the pump despite the protost of the Spanish commander. A formal complaint concerning the treatment of the Spanish sommander. A formal complaint concerning the treatment of the Spanish sommander worse than the Americans!"

These Bermudans are a hundred times worse than the Americans!"

These bermudans are a hundred times worse than the Americans!"

These bermudans are a hundred times worse than the American

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Do men's names ever influence their choice of an avocation? I find the following: Otto Goldschmitt, jeweller: George Baker and James Ovens, bakers: Charles Taylor, J. H. Dresser and L. G. Buttons, tailors: A. Schumacher and George L. Foote, shoemakers; L. G. Piper and James Fife, musicians: Block & Barnes, architects; Alexander Barber, barber; Hiram Banker, banker; Alexander Barber, barber; Hiram Banker, banker; A. B. Fewler, mus. &c.: D. Carter, drayman: J. W. Baron, nork dealer; Edward B. Milter, flouring mill; James Roots, J. H. Spate, Charles G. Budd and J. H. Bake, sardeners, Almen Wood, Charles Oole and D. H. Burns, wood and coal; Charles H. Frote, chiropodist; Eugene Cram and Cook Brothers, restaurants; George N. Patchin, clothes repairer; B. G. Tapp, saloun; Nelson Graves, undertaker; James B. Dunn, collector, W. B. Gay, costumer; B. C. Brewer, alea, whice and liquors; E. H. Fry, eating house; C. J. Salmon & Co., fish market; B. F. Hose, stocking manufacturer; J. L. Cheesman, dairy reodests; John Toole, machinest; H. B. Kirke, clergyman; L. S. Fee, physician; William Pre, bakery, France, Frances Lessin, school teacher; James Painter, house painter and decorator; A. Penny, slot machines; De Wils, Stuck, paper hanger; E. L. Lace, dry goods; O. B. Tassel, upholetery; Dewa & Co., maps and directories; Charles G. Bloom, greenhouse; P. G. Dyer, de house.

It would really seem as though some of these ocand George L. Foote, shoemakers; L. G. Piper and ries; Charles G. Hooms, a though some of these oc-doe house.

It would really seem as though some of these oc-cupations had been influenced by the names. R.

THE DEBUT OF

WORLD-RENOWNED PLANIST Paur's Orchestra of 100. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, TUESDAY EVENING NEXT.